

COMMONWEAL

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Hope Embattled

IT MAY not be entirely easy but this week we have to get Dorothy Thompson, Potsdam, the London Conference, General Patton, the Germans, the men of many nations who fought against the Germans, all into a nice clear picture.

We have come to the end of the war and there are many people who are disappointed because you do not pass immediately from war into peace. Consequently there are many people who, despairing of the peace, regret that they ever gave their consent to the war. If there are enough of these people any world condition resembling peace will not be arranged and in the bitter chaos of the world it will not matter what they may think of the war that is ended, since there will be a new war to engage their attention.

Their attention and, unfortunately, ours also. The attention of all the peoples who live throughout the world. And so it is not a question of arguing with people who are tempted to despair; it is a question of saving the peace of the world.

The attack on hope comes from many directions. All one can do is to meet it as it comes. If it is famine you meet it with food; if it is politics you meet it with politics, if it is injustice you meet it with justice, if it is error you meet it with truth.

When it is frivolous you can dismiss it rapidly. When General Patton says that "in general, far

too much fuss has been made regarding the denazification of Germany," and that "this nazi thing is just like a Democratic and Republican election fight," you may even permit yourself to be amused—of course the men coming out of the concentration camps, or the war, will have lost their sense of humor—but not amused too greatly. Because in the General's remarks there is the full circle back to that blind pre-war isolationalism which indeed saw nothing novel in the nazi system and in it no danger to the world.

When we say that we must defend ourselves against the attacks on hope, this does not mean that we must turn against those who, serving truth, tell us the mistakes we have made or are making. Hope cannot live without truth.

Dorothy Thompson attacks almost everything that Potsdam announced; she has the courage to speak of the German middle classes as of something worth saving; she reminds us that "Himmler hanged hundreds of active conspirators between January and October, 1944 . . . not left wing radicals but civilized persons interested in the restoration of order and law . . . all of them with a deep moral or religious sense of personal responsibility"; she writes this: "The issue is whether wholesale deportations of men, women and children to unknown destinations is or is not 'extermination' and 'slavery,' in which we have given our word of honor not to engage. The questions are whether we want to concur in the principle that helpless peoples should be without any protections imposed by the moral inhibitions of their conquerors; what the eventual effect of such inhuman policies will have on our own minds and on the prestige of democracy anywhere on earth; whether two wrongs make a right, or whether only might makes right." When Dorothy Thompson speaks for truth it is not an attack on hope; hope will survive and be strengthened if we face the questions she raises and answer them. If our answer means that Potsdam must be revised then that revision will raise our hope and not diminish it. If people like Dorothy Thompson ceased to ask questions because they could hope for no answers, then hope itself would be lost.

These questions are those for which the war was fought. They affect not only the disposition of Germany but that of the nations and peoples of the world. They affect the order of justice.

We agree with Dorothy Thompson that Potsdam was a dreary entrance into peace. In the London Conference now we witness a dreary sequel of discontent and disorder. There is now, as there has been throughout the war, this perpetual divergence between the ideal and the accomplishment. The Atlantic Charter, San Francisco: Potsdam and London. The United Nations; and now this threat of division, this almost automatic grouping of powers aligned against other

powers, and, in the future, this East standing against this West.

Each of the men who fought this war through to victory had his own idea of what he was fighting for, his own reason for sacrifice. We do not pretend that everyone fought for the Atlantic Charter: we are certain that no one fought in order that the world might become even more divided than before. There were all those hopes and now there are all these threats to any hope. That is why hope must be defended in this season of great perils.

The Strike Wave

WHEN the newspapers are filled with strikes and rumors of strikes, it is clear that something has at least temporarily broken down. For the strike is the worker's last resort, his time-tried method of gaining a hearing for his demands when all else is unavailing. A strike means simply that management and labor have failed to reach a peaceful agreement on wages, hours and/or working conditions. To the thoughtless headline scanner, strikes and pickets often signify that unions are trying to railroad through a flock of excessive worker demands. It seldom occurs to him that it is the toughness of the employer, the unwillingness of management to make wage or other adjustments in line with common justice that often leaves a union no other alternative than to call a walkout.

Take the building service employees' strike in New York as a case in point. The first to go out were the office and loft-building workers, whose wartime take-home pay of from roughly \$30-\$35 per week was to be reduced by \$2.50 weekly in their new wage contracts. That goes back directly to the refusal of the New York Realty Advisory Board on Labor Relations and the Midtown Realty Owners Association to accept the findings of a special panel last July recommending a reduction of hours without any reduction of take-home pay. Which side is unreasonable in this controversy, which has caused such severe dislocation throughout the city? Can anyone seriously maintain that, in these times and with the present prices of life's necessities, a man can support a family in a city such as New York on less than \$35 per week? With all office and loft space occupied, and the rent for all premises increased by 15 percent, can anyone seriously contend that the building owners cannot afford to maintain present wage scales, even with shorter hours?

In a sense each wage dispute must be adjudged by its essential factors: what comprises a family living wage in the area, the financial condition and profit margin of the company, the labor cost per unit product, etc. etc. But it is inescapable that unless present take-home wages are not only maintained but increased on a national basis, there is

no possibility of the home market's accounting for its share of the potential production needed to keep American plants working to capacity. It must not be forgotten either that during the one period in which the American worker generally was receiving something approaching a living wage—and that often by the most wearing overtime exertion—he was prevented by the war from obtaining many substantial, tangible rewards for his hard labor. He could not build his family a new house; he could not invest in a new car, a washing machine, a mechanical refrigerator or a new radio.

Even during hostilities wage rates were held down by the Little Steel formula of 15 percent in a reasonably successful attempt to stem ruinous inflation. A longer work week was in force as a war measure. The return to the 40-hour week—and the consequent effort of employers to scale down take-home pay—is the immediate cause of the great bulk of present labor disputes. It is conceivable perhaps that the pent-up demand of the income groups which comprise the 10 percent of American families with peacetime incomes of more than \$3,000 could absorb our new automobile production for the first year or so. But what will happen to the auto industry after that—and many other major industries—if the great mass of American wage-earners are still unable to purchase its products?

One does not have to mount seemingly endless flights of stairs twice a day in a struck city office building to appreciate that strikes are unfortunate all round. Just now walkouts and layoffs are reaching a scale which may seriously impede the vital task of national reconversion. Strikes are often costly to both workers and businesses alike: they cut down family income, deplete union treasuries and dry up the sources of business expansion. They arouse class antagonisms and imperil public safety. Strikes have all these evil features and several more. Yet curiously enough there is an element of crucial significance in the right to strike. So much so that any political régime which forbids this practice, whatever its pretensions, is a dictatorship of the most iron sort. The right to strike is, in fact, the touchstone of genuine political democracy.

That the exercise of this precious right is so widespread in this difficult transition period is none the less unfortunate. What is needed is public recognition of the rôle which high wages must play in an economy that works. And neither labor nor management should find in the removal of war restrictions an opportunity for reaching for the moon. The root difficulty is that reconversion came upon us before the labor relations technique for that process had been developed. Labor-management committees have accounted for near-miracles in war production, but they have

not been around long enough to handle present difficulties for the good of all concerned. And so the strike with all its attendant evils is still the only means whereby vast numbers of American workers can secure a real hearing for their just demands.

Kagawa

TOYOHICO KAGAWA has long been famed among American Protestants as a great Christian leader in Japan. Toward the end of the war he broadcast several times on the Japanese radio, and what he said was often intercepted by the FCC, quotations from it being sent out to the American press by the OWI—a real tribute to the fairmindedness of our war agencies, since what Kagawa said were often things which any Christian, if not blinded by national pride, would be bound to admit struck home. In the current issue of *Time* there appears the first full length interview with Kagawa we have seen. His answers to the questions put to him are most interesting. He was asked how Christians had made out during the war. "We had a terrible time. All Seventh-Day Adventist males were arrested. Everybody who believes in the second coming of Christ or the Last Judgment was asked to appear in court. I was three times arrested. I could not preach."

When the subject of his propaganda activities was raised, he replied: "I did. I did intentionally. The Americans said that when America won I would become Premier of Japan. That made me and all Japanese Christians traitors. Therefore, intentionally, I said America must return to the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. I was sorry I had to come down from international Christianity to national Christianity. I had no choice." Once more we see the conflict between high ethical purposes and nationalism.

Kagawa was most optimistic concerning the peacefulness of the Japan which would emerge from this war. But he was most pessimistic about the prospects for Christianity in Japan. "The Americans burned down 2,100,000 houses, so the common people don't like Christianity. Thousands of people—250,000—living in dugouts in Tokyo alone. More people cannot come back till we have food and houses, but winter coming, no food, no clothes, no storage. . . . March 10th, within three hours, 100,000 people killed in eastern Tokyo. Only kindness can revive Christianity, not mere words or creeds. Because of prejudice now, I don't often preach. The people need help, not words. Missionaries are no use now unless they help." And his parting analysis of Americans is truly revealing. "There are two kinds of Americans—those who follow Abraham Lincoln and those who follow Al Capone. I believe in General MacArthur and his spiritual life. In some respects he is winning us by being generous."

More Goulash at the Waldorf

LAST WEEK we described at some length the developing facets of the great mystery—increasing surpluses here, increasing want abroad, and no one seemingly able to resolve the difficulty. Now the Department of Agriculture, as reported in the *New York Times*, "already is struggling with a surplus of potatoes and may soon have more eggs than it knows what to do with." Listen, Department of Agriculture, we can tell you what to do with them, and it's very simple. There are plenty of people around—and the President tells us there are plenty of bottoms in which to reach those people—who haven't any doubts as to what they could do with a few eggs, even if they were a little stale.

Again it is made very clear that the problem is prices. Our government (quite properly) is committed to sustaining the prices of the farm products they have been urging the farmers to produce. But there is a surplus already of potatoes and soon of eggs and then, we may expect, of vegetables and fruits and butter and cheese and meat. Surpluses have a nasty way of knocking the timbers out from under prices. We have to maintain prices. Dear me, what we are we going to do?

The answer to that one is equally simple. Let us once and for all truly understand that prices, banks, the financial structure, money are all things made for man, not man for them. So long as these tools continue to serve man, to make it possible for him to meet his needs, and more richly to meet his needs, no one can condemn them, for like all tools their goodness or badness is dependent upon their utility and nothing else whatever. The minute money and prices and finance stand in the way of man's meeting his needs, their utility as tools disappears and they become evil things against which mankind will revolt with unpleasantly nasty and shocking consequences.

It is the failure to understand this, the erection of money into a Moloch, finance into a Peor and prices into Baälim which is the terrible modern idolatry, the God-defiant worship of the Golden Calf.

In approaching this problem, then, the first requisite is a conviction that our economic tools must never be deified. They must be bent to their basic purpose. Generosity can often suggest a way out where strict accountancy faces a blank wall. Whatever solution does emerge must do no violence to the good offices of money and prices and finance, but it will deal with them as they should be dealt with, as potential instruments of justice. Failure to find such a solution can only mean the utter perversion of any peace we may have and the catastrophe of increased hatred and scorn.

Key to Employment

Why Mr. Rasmussen
deserves a nomination

George G. Higgins

IT ALL depends upon what newspaper you take seriously—if any. If you read the New York *Times*, you must be convinced by now that all of this shouting about reconversion unemployment is poppycock. If you're not, the *Times* has been wasting a lot of pulp in publicizing its almost suspiciously optimistic reports on the incredibly healthy state of the nation. If you read the Chicago *Sun*, however (not to mention its elder, but less dignified, sister *PM*), you can appreciate that it is not without reason that economics has come to be known as the "dismal" science. And if perchance you happen to read both of them, you're left dangling in a vacuum which not only nature, but the human intelligence, abhors.

The only thing that anyone can do under the circumstances is to overcome his acquired or inherited prejudice against facts, as expressed in the mathematics of authoritative sources, and to analyze the problem for himself. At least I thought that it was just about that simple when I locked myself in my office and began to gnaw my way through an accumulation of reports and documents and memoranda which, if nothing else, belied the paper shortage.

I soon discovered, as I might have expected, that statistics, in the last analysis, is the handmaiden of economic theory and economic philosophy. Beware of charts and graphs!

Let's make no mistake about it. The economic optimists are almost unanimously committed to the economic theory that the central problem is production. The economic realists (not pessimists) are unanimously committed to the economic theory that our biggest headache is the problem of consumption and a more just and equitable distribution of purchasing power. I think that I can demonstrate that the theory of the realists is closer to the facts and that their economic philosophy is at least a little closer to the mainstream of Christian social theory. We won't discuss their politics, although it will be necessary to mention in passing that a good percentage of the optimists have already testified against the Emergency Unemployment Compensation Bill and the Full Employment Bill and that an equally large percentage may be expected to testify against the Pepper amendments to the

Fair Labor Standards Act. But, then, that's probably what you would expect.

If you're looking for a capsule-like summary of these conflicting points of view, you can find it conveniently in Part 8 of the Unrevised Senate Hearings on the Full Employment Bill of 1945. This little volume will be as valuable to economic historians as any of the reports of the TNEC and the hair-raising summaries of the La Follette Committee. Its hundred-odd pages are almost equally divided between William Green, John L. Lewis, and Henry Wallace on the one hand, and Ira Mosher (NAM), Professor Wilford King (Committee for Constitutional Government), and William Kleitz (Guaranty Trust Company) on the other. And never the twain shall meet.

I think that I do the optimists no injustice when I say that their basic point of view is adequately expressed in a single sentence from the testimony of Professor King: "The more goods produced, the more spending power there is in the country." There you have it. There's the key to the current controversy over postwar employment. The emphasis of the optimists, I repeat, is on production, while that of the realists is on a more equitable distribution of effective purchasing power in the hands of the masses of the people. Try as they will, the realists can't understand how you can sell refrigerators and plastic gadgets to the breadwinner who can't even afford to buy milk for the baby. I share their bewilderment, and I marvel in addition that Mr. Mosher in the age of Keynes and Beveridge and Hansen could omit from his plausible analysis of depressions any slightest mention of the under-consumption theory. Can it possibly be that his affiliated research agency, the National Industrial Conference Board, has neglected to tell him that, as of the summer of 1945, 20 percent of all wage earners in manufacturing industries had straight-time hourly earnings of less than 65 cents. Factory workers, mind you! If they do these things in the green woods . . . As long as this condition prevails, Mr. Kleitz can safely continue to predict that depressions are "inevitable under the free-enterprise system and . . . the best we can hope to do is to limit their depth and duration." Which only goes to show, I suppose, that the optimists are sometimes strangely pessimistic—and unwontedly frank.

So much for economic theory. But what about the facts?

Well, even the optimists will admit that a considerable measure of unemployment is inevitable during the immediate period of reconversion. And if there was ever any doubt about it, presumably Henry Ford II proved it to the hilt on Friday, September 14, in a sweeping lock-out which elicited nothing but sympathy from the press. But unemployment will be only temporary, and in the interval its hapless victims will be adequately cared for under an emasculated version of the Kilgore Bill or under a system of government relief, which has somehow taken on unprecedented respectability.

As soon as industry can retool and reconvert, however, the only "serious danger," says a staff columnist of the *New York Times*, "is that 'panicky feelings,' if given free rein in Congress, may spread to the public and undermine its confidence in the future." There are other and more serious dangers overlooked by the gentleman, a few of which I shall attempt to summarize.

The central fact about the American economic system at the moment is, in the words of a recent report of the War Production Board, that "the unprecedented industrial growth of the last five years . . . has been stimulated by what amounted to a guaranteed market for almost everything that could be produced. . . ." The atomic bomb destroyed that market in the twinkling of an eye, and if it's not replaced by increased purchasing power in the hands of consumers at the lower levels, its destruction may prove eventually to have been even more tragic than the obliteration of Hiroshima.

Even the Committee for Economic Development admits that we must have a gross national income of \$170,000,000,000 (at 1943 prices) in 1946-47 to guarantee full employment. Mr. Russel Porter of the *New York Times* calculates that this estimate "also approximates the Wallace \$200,000,000,000 goal for 1950, when account is taken of the increase in the labor force and its productivity in the intervening years." Mr. Porter even concedes that there is "also agreement as to the means by which higher employment must be attained," although he is careful to underline the obvious fact that "all this does not mean that the CED agrees with Mr. Wallace on everything." It certainly doesn't.

With the CED's concurrence (with Mr. Porter as proxy), we can turn to the principal "means by which higher employment must be attained." Let it be noted at the outset that we are missing the point of Mr. Wallace's recent book—and missing the point of Keynes and Hansen and a score of modern economists—if we fail to realize that "any real expansion of markets must come from the increased purchasing power of those families

which, before the war, were in the lowest income groups." If the CED concurs with this opinion, there's hope for the future.

We cannot rely on the admittedly staggering accumulation of consumer demand (the theme song of all too many representatives of the speakers' bureau of the CED and similar organizations), for the obvious reason that these "accumulations," as Wallace says, "represent only the demand of those families which were already established within our economic frontiers—from families with incomes over \$1,500 a year." And, lest we forget, Mr. Wallace reminds us that before the war approximately 70 percent of American families had incomes averaging less than that very modest figure.

Wartime savings? Same story. Preliminary analysis indicates, in the words of Mr. James H. Rasmussen, General Sales Manager of the Crosley Corporation, that "while wartime savings have been estimated at \$58,000,000,000, about 43 billions of this sum is in the hands of families with incomes above \$5,000 a year, which constitutes only about 9 percent of the total number of American families"—and precisely that segment of the population with the most compelling propensity to continue to save. With a wisdom probably born of futile attempts to sell radios to people without effective purchasing power, Mr. Rasmussen goes on to say that "sales are dependent to a greater degree upon income than they are upon savings," and that the dealers in a sample area "are ready to buy, in the first postwar year, 80 percent more refrigerators, more than twice as many radios, and over 2½ times as many electric irons as the consumers would buy from them."

I nominate Mr. Rasmussen as the next president of the National Association of Manufacturers, for he seems to have grasped, as Mr. Mosher and his predecessors certainly have not, the central fact of modern economics—namely, in the words of the late Monsignor John A. Ryan, that "excess of productive capacity relative to profitable demand" is the main cause of depressions.

There's more to economics than that, as Monsignor Ryan and Mr. Wallace would be the first to admit. But that fact is central, particularly in view of our incredibly augmented capacity to produce—a capacity which the War Production Board accurately terms unprecedented. So great is that capacity, in fact, that every realistic economist is talking today in terms of siphoning off a considerable part of the labor force into the service industries and into the professions, not merely to provide a more abundant cultural life for all Americans, but to assist in the achievement of full employment.

I quite agree with the optimists that we can

forestall another depression, if . . . There's the rub. There isn't enough agreement on the all-important "ifs." Even Mr. Boris Shiskin, economist for the American Federation of Labor, is optimistic to the point of warning us that "we must not talk ourselves into a depression." "There is every indication," he says, "that we can provide 12 million job opportunities by next summer *if* . . ." Mr. Shiskin has a list of five or six italicized ifs, with all of which I heartily concur. But I wonder if American industry concurs. I wonder specifically if American industry is prepared to tag along with Beveridge when he says, in one of the profoundest paragraphs in modern economic literature: "On the earlier teaching of economists, moral and technical considerations in regard to the distribution of wealth had appeared to be in conflict. Moral considerations suggested the desirability of a more equal distribution of wealth, while technical considerations appeared to require great inequality as the condition of adequate saving. On the newer teaching of the economists, as exemplified in the passage just quoted from J. M. Keynes, moral and technical considerations unite in favor of substantially greater equality of wealth than has obtained . . . in the past."

If I thought that American industry not only concurred with that point of view but was prepared to emphasize it, I too could be an optimist. I'd like to be.

Mr. Camp on St. John's

BROTHER THEODORE

THE May 25th number of THE COMMONWEAL contained Leo Camp's most recent critique of St. John's Annapolis. Briefly, his complaint against St. John's is that the liberal arts program there operating has miscarried, and that the men of St. John's, though they are doing a far better job than their more muddled colleagues, have nevertheless succumbed to one perversion in trying to liberate themselves from another. If they have escaped the scientism of the Deweyites, they have not escaped an equally seductive temptation to misconceive the end of human thought—their sin, he says in effect, has been the worship of dialectic.

Mr. Camp's critique convicts the men of St. John's of placing dialectical agility above the search for truth: the professors do not approach their classes with an objective to which they intend to direct their students; rather they come for dialectical play. They delight in arguing from probable premises, but they shy away from the more responsible task of demonstration.

However, the criticism does not seem justified. Discussing this very point, a member of the St. John's faculty observed that dialectic was regarded simply as an indispensable instrument in the quest for learning. The distinction between demonstration as an operation terminating in knowledge and dialectic as an operation dealing in probables, must be looked at closely—perhaps even askance. If dialectic is regarded as specifically a different process from demonstration—if it is regarded as the art of "probable reasoning"—then of course there would be reason to object to a program like that of St. John's. But if demonstration and dialectic are not differentiated so narrowly, this danger need not concern anybody. If dialectic is viewed as the method for any speculative work—and thus is it best understood—it includes demonstration: when an analysis is seen to be fool-proof, it is demonstrative; but if it does not terminate with a certain conclusion, it may be only a probable argument, i.e., a suggestion of where the truth may lie, not a definitive answer.

Now, as a matter of simple fact, that is how dialectic is regarded as St. John's. If that requires the examination of many positions and the investigation of all the possibilities discernible, it is only because the human mind goes from the less known to the more certain. There simply is no other way. A system of logic absolving man from the labor of investigating particulars in order to find the truth, does not exist; though there is a discipline enabling him to move more deftly and adroitly in his search for wisdom, and it is precisely this that St. John's is striving to impart.

Mr. Camp also points out that the teachers at St. John's approach the seminars without having clearly in mind the positions that they consider most worthy of defense or inculcation. The question that immediately suggests itself is this: can there be a free discussion if the director has already determined its course? Or, in other words, can there be an honest investigation of any question if someone has already plotted a conclusion without allowing for the unfolding of the conversation?

To this question, the answer is categorically no. There is nothing reprehensible in a teacher's keeping a discussion in bounds and eliminating excessive meandering; but once he limits the field of relevant speculation, or narrows the scope of enquiry, or paralyzes the dialectical movement, he is a usurper of good order. As a member of the round table, he may answer as cogently as he can any question presented, but he must not dictate what question shall be asked. He may pose any question that the posture of the discussion permits, but he must not inveigle the answer he wants in order to score a point. As long as the seminar moves significantly and rationally, it is doing its essential work. It may not cover the

whole area of "orthodoxy"—for that indeed is a large tract—but it will disclose some truth and at the same time quicken the habits that make the liberal artist.

A teacher working in a seminar and directing the enquiry to the conclusion he deems most conducive to the welfare of the students, is in fact the prosecutor of an academic third-degree, and is altogether as ruthless as the practitioner of the lecturing art. Not that the conclusion he envisages is not true and significant—it may well be an insight of high merit—but when the issues in hand are not vitally conceived by the other participants, the debate is certain to be sterile. For the purpose of this teacher a formal lecture would be more to the point.

Often put down as the mark of a great book is its infinite readability. No matter how often it is explored, it remains virgin territory; for, so rich are its levels of meaning and so varied its analogical incrustations that it remains a perennial challenge to the human mind. But if the discussion of a great book is tied inextricably to one interpretation, there is real danger that the teacher himself will never see beyond the conceptions he already possesses and that the students will not have the opportunity of appraising and enhancing the insights they might have gleaned.

Leo Camp's position deserves attention because something like it, though not clearly formulated, is cropping up rather consistently among Catholic educational writers. They discant on the danger of skepticism latent in the St. John's program. They have an annoying suspicion that if one becomes a liberal artist he may abuse his privilege by dabbling in heresy and indulging in sundry intellectual excesses.

The suspicion is naive, and besides it is the most illiberal charge that can be pressed. What it amounts to is something like this: If the student begins to examine the opinions he encounters, and if he demands intellectual respectability in that to which he assents, he will probably deny the tenets established by an ancient tradition. In a word, he will become an arrant freethinker.

It is a bad argument. One might as well urge the abolition of schools on the ground that literacy leads to immorality—the boy learns to read; he reads immoral books; lo, he is an immoral man! Fundamentally this position is an attack on human nature, and its logical outcome must be the advocacy of obscurantism. The difficulty with obscurantism is that living in a highly developed culture, we cannot even speak intelligibly with our fellows unless we penetrate the roots of our common tradition. For the anchorite, obscurantism may be a comforting doctrine; but for people in society it is destruction.

It would be entirely unfair to attribute the position just criticized to Mr. Camp. But it would be

unfortunate in the extreme to allow a gross misunderstanding of the central insight of St. John's to go unchallenged, which is that the mind, the efficient cause of learning, requires freedom; and without freedom it can no longer be an efficient cause.

The Naval Academy

FRANCIS X. MURPHY

TOTAL VICTORY at sea, just achieved by our naval forces, is a fitting background for the centennial celebration on October tenth, of the founding of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. With the US Fleet now the most powerful force afloat, Annapolis can well be proud of a tremendous record of accomplishment. In a hundred years, the academy has turned out men who have manned our naval battle forces during four major wars—building up to the present armada. In the course of the years, naval heroes innumerable have marched out its gates to achieve victory and fame. World War II has well justified the trouble, expense and care of the maintenance of a Naval Academy through a hundred years.

All told there have been some 18,500 graduates of the Academy, of whom at most some 12,000 are now active in the fleet. This means of course that of the 331,000 officers (239,645 line officers) employed in our war-time Navy, only a small percentage were Academy graduates. Indeed they constituted only about one quarter of the Navy's total *regular* (i.e., not *reserve*) officers. But the Annapolitans were directly responsible for the tremendous expansion, the eventual efficiency and the final victory achieved by the US battle forces. This is not in any way to disparage reserve officers—a foolish procedure under any circumstance. It is merely a statement that the academy men ran the war at sea. That is what the tax-payer educated them for. The country can well be proud of their record.

It would be wrong to claim that all is perfectly well with the way the war has been run, or to maintain that the present system of education and discipline at the Academy cannot be improved upon. There have been and will continue to be criticisms of various phases of the war, and consequently, of the men running the war. But the fact is that from almost complete disaster, in three and a half years an unprecedented victory has been won at sea. Partially deficient though the education of the men who directed that victory may have been, it still has stood a tremendous test.

Basic to any consideration of the education of a naval officer is the Navy's idea of the function of such an individual. The type of education dispensed at Annapolis has a very specific objective

in mind: the formation of a "line officer." A line officer is the master of the general technical ideas behind the myriad functions of naval activity afloat and on shore. The young ensign-graduate of Annapolis is not a very capable or efficient officer—but his over-all background usually enables him to turn his hand to anything having to do with the maintenance of ships and men. Useful mainly as a messenger boy, he has hazy notions about the way a naval unit works, from a dreadnaught to a mine-sweeper. But he is an absorbent who can be sent to schools—both of techniques and of hard-knocks—and fashioned into a wonderfully useful creature in at least a minor function of command.

By liberal educators, the Academy at Annapolis has been dubbed a "trade school," and with good reason. But considerable thought has been given to enlarging the horizon of the midshipman. He is given fairly complete courses in English, history, and government; in peace times he is treated to two or three world cruises. But the pressure for mathematics and navigation, electrical engineering and gunnery is understandably preponderant. Right now there is the additional problem of air-consciousness. The army has met the latter situation by allowing cadets to specialize. The Navy does not think such a procedure would be for the ultimate good of the service, and rightly so. The airship is part of the Navy's greatest problem. But the mariner is still the Navy's primary product. What the Navy has in mind is the simple fact that the torpedo-officer or sub-skipper may have as his next assignment the handling of a destroyer, or of a flotilla of mine-sweepers; the engineering officer on a baby flat-top may take over as the executive officer on a cruiser; and the gunnery officer for an amphibious force may have to set up a naval reserve officer training corps at some prairie state college.

Naval education has a two-fold objective: the imparting of a considerable amount of information and technical skill for the control of intricate machinery and the formation of a person capable of leading and inspiring men. What the Naval Academy does for most of its graduates is to render them capable of "cracking" a book for necessary technical information. There is of course no book nor formula that will teach a man how to lead, inspire and equitably govern his subordinates. There are a number of personal habits, and a considerable knowledge of human nature, that go into the making of a leader of men. Unfortunately, the danger of a "trade school" education is that it is so likely to beget an *hubris* that no amount of travel or knocking about the world will effectively modify.

A naval officer is almost necessarily a minor diplomat. He must have an awareness of world affairs, of morals, of economic situations at home

and abroad, etc., in order to function properly even as a military leader. It is not that he is to formulate policy, but that he must have an understanding of what is motivating the politicians or statesmen when they formulate policy. It is in this connection particularly that the present product of Annapolis tends to be deficient. Such an accusation of narrowness-of-outlook is usually brought against the product of almost any institutionalized educational process. It is a fact, however, that the Annapolitan graduate who has outridden such deficiencies is the man who in the course of his career at the Academy attempted to preserve a modicum of intellectual curiosity, particularly along philosophical lines. Once he got his sea-legs under him in the fleet, he devoted his abundant spare time to the reading of well selected books.

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Of the problems now confronting the Naval Academy at Annapolis, not least is the basic factor of size: both the size of our post-war Navy and the size of the Academy itself. The solution of this latter problem is complicated by minor but important issues, of which the several bills in Congress proposing a west coast naval academy and the present negotiations surrounding the purchase of St. John's College in Annapolis, are the most pressing. As a direct result of war-time experience, Annapolis is facing a modification of its academic program, particularly in regard to aeronautics. Nor is the manner of recruitment of future midshipmen a closed proposition.

Present plans for our post war fleet call for a two ocean navy, its backbone 1079 naval units, from three super-dreadnaught air-craft carriers down to two hundred submarines. A modest estimate of the officer personnel necessary to man such an establishment comes to 50,000. During the war years, Annapolis demonstrated its ability to turn out about one thousand ensigns a year. In ten years the officers thus introduced into the fleet—leaving a margin for deaths, resignations, etc.—will hardly be sufficient to keep a full-sized navy adequately staffed. Hence the Navy at the moment is giving serious consideration to a plan whereby a two year naval reserve officer-training program would be inaugurated at many of our larger colleges and universities, with the idea of thence recruiting candidates for a three year course at Annapolis.

The plan has many excellent features. It will allow the Academy to concentrate on its primary function of producing a line officer, putting the burden for the liberal side of the future officer's education on the college, where it ultimately belongs. At present Bancroft Hall—the Naval Academy dormitory—can accommodate about 3,500 midshipmen. Expansion plans purport an-

other hall of similar size. Thus the Naval Academy would be able to turn out about 3,000 officers a year. Navy men are almost unanimous in their antagonism to having two academies, one on the East and one on the West coast. They fear that rivalry, instead of promoting efficiency, would produce two navies. This is a legitimate worry.

Naval authorities now at Annapolis are thus proceeding with plans for doubling the present size of the Academy. This includes the purchase of St. John's College in Annapolis, the property of which is almost contiguous to the present Academy grounds. The problem of taking over St. John's has been needlessly complicated by the injection of an idea that the Navy is presuming to judge the type of education being created in the St. John's experiment, and finding it deficient. This is not the case at all. The Navy's outlook is simply based upon a necessity for expansion, and a constitutional procedure whereby the government can exercise the right of eminent domain. The authorities at St. John's are opposing the move—properly from their viewpoint—with the claim that the Academy can expand in other directions; and that it would be wrong for the government to take over the property and buildings of an institution as old as St. John's. At present writing, Academy authorities are in the midst of negotiations for the college property, the difficulties apparently now center on a proper remuneration.

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Recruitment to the Academy likewise presents a problem. At present, most appointments are allotted by senators and representatives, each member of Congress having five boys at the Academy at one time. The Vice President and each delegate in Congress also enjoy the appointment of five candidates. The President distributes one hundred appointments each year among the sons of regular Army, Navy and Marine officers; and has the appointment of twenty-five candidates from the District of Columbia. The Secretary of the Navy distributes one hundred appointments among candidates from the fleet, and twenty appointments among the honor graduates of schools recognized by the War and Navy Departments. There are also a number of boys admitted through the Naval Reserve, and from the South American republics.

During the war years, a large proportion of the boys entering the Academy came from the fleet, both by way of competitive exams and by congressional appointment. These men, on the whole, seem to constitute better officer material, since they will have had a more intimate acquaintance with the problems of the men under their command; likewise, they have a more serious outlook than young boys fresh from high school

or college. The Navy, of course, would like to have the whole system of appointments taken from the political patronage class and brought into line with something like civil service requirements. But legislation to such effect is almost too much to ask of any Congress.

Should the new naval ROTC plan plus the three years of Naval Academy training be put into effect, some change will have to be made in the appointment of Academy candidates. Various proposals have been issued, urging upon the Navy a higher standard in the type of appointees; even suggesting that only college graduates be admitted. But such suggestions do not take into consideration the fact that pay-and-privilege inducements for the naval officer would have to be considerably increased to attract the necessary number of such qualified candidates.

For its centennial celebration, the Naval Academy at Annapolis has just received a new superintendent, Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, a man fresh from four years of intense activity in the combat zones at sea. The new admiral is an "air" man, having commanded an aircraft carrier, and a combat aircraft force. He is consequently extremely fighting-conscious; and intends to set a pace of severe competence and efficiency for the Academy's second hundred years.

The US Government inducts the young midshipman into a military way of life; it feeds him well; provides him with everything conceivable by way of sport, morale, and recreational facilities; gives him a decently good course in the arts of naval techniques, plus a B.S. degree in electrical engineering; and pays him for his trouble. The people have a right to expect much of the finished product.

France Before the Election

A. E. JOLIS

THE POLITICAL scene in France, compared with the social and moral state of the French people today, appears relatively simple and comprehensible. Léon Blum, returned after nearly five years of captivity, looked at the France he came back to and was admittedly shocked. He reproached his countrymen for their "exasperating individualism," which he claimed was reducing the French people to a "Balkan mentality."

And Blum was not alone. Eduard Herriot and Léon Jouhaux (president of the French Federation of Labor) expressed much the same opinions. So, also, did thousands of repatriated prisoners and deportees.

Unfortunately, they were right. The "exasperating individualism" is there, and the "Balkan

mentality" is unmistakable. It was the spontaneous development of an intelligent and resourceful people which had ceased to rely on the normal processes of a functioning society for those basic necessities, working facilities and little luxuries of life for which they had a natural expectation. It's a mixture of cynicism and selfishness, plus a skeptical attitude toward collective social effort, bred during the occupation in conditions of acute material shortages in a society which had lost confidence in its governmental direction. What we see now is the result of an insidious and demoralizing process which, once started, snowballed, and the problem of arresting its growth becomes ever more complicated.

Perhaps nothing in France today is so characteristic of this mentality as "the spirit of the Black Market." *L'esprit du marché noir*—it's more than the extra-legal acquisition of food and gasoline at inflated and sometimes exorbitant prices. It's an attitude; an attitude assumed by practically every Frenchman in his relations to his job, his business and his private and public responsibilities. It is the "I can get it for you wholesale" spirit applied where there is nothing to be had wholesale, and extended to every possible field of activity.

Serious minded Frenchmen of all classes are deeply concerned about this problem. There is much talk, public and private, of the need for moral regeneration and a rebirth of social conscience. That these discussions, more likely than not, will take place in Black Market restaurants, or in private homes where the tables are well-supplemented with Black Market products, is no reflection on the sincerity of the individuals concerned. Rather, it's an indication of the nature of the problem, itself; simply a measure of the impasse in which individuals find themselves.

A year since the liberation, and men of the resistance, disappointed and frustrated, speak wistfully of "les bons vieux temps de la clandestinité," when hopes were high and spirits united and resolute; when one could traffic in the Black Market with the comfortable feeling that it was helping to sabotage the economic basis for Hitler's New Order. Whereas none would wish to switch back, there is nevertheless an undertone of regret, particularly amongst the most ardent resistance fighters. The glamor and stimulus of danger are gone; the singleness of purpose is no more—and the supremely delirious moment of the liberation, when a moral revolution and spiritual regeneration might have taken place, passed away in a momentary flood of emotion and sentiment. All that remains are the memories of great moments; so little with which to face the day-to-day problems and baffling complexities of the aftermath.

It must be understood that the total collapse

of 1940 deeply affected the Frenchman's faith in his own society. With all sense of security in a cohesive social fabric suddenly shattered, and with little but contempt for the government of Pétain, he was thrown directly back on the reserves of his own individualism. To each it was a real and personal challenge. That very individualism which is found to be exasperating today, and an objection to orderly reconstruction, was in those days his one and only chance of survival.

Life under the occupation became one long and constantly intensifying challenge to his individualism. For those who chose to collaborate, the opportunities were many and the prizes great. For those who chose to resist, individual initiative was the pre-requisite of survival. For the "neutrals," the problems were food and jobs—and these, too, called for all the resourcefulness and ingenuity the individual could possibly muster.

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But divergent as were the individual attitudes toward the occupation, all views and all classes (including the Germans) met on the Black Market. Authority and regulations were fair game at every turn. Tens of thousands of young Frenchmen, refusing to obey the call for the German labor draft, changed their identities. They obtained false identity papers and new ration books. The French Confederation of Labor alone—to mention just one of the many clandestine organizations—secretly furnished 30,000 such sets of false papers.

When this system became too tough, the "réfractaires," as these draft evaders were called, withdrew from society and lived the life of outlaws, with the Maquis. Then it became a matter of organized looting and "perquisitions," with the assistance of sympathetic merchants and local townspeople. Trains were held up to supply food for the Maquis, and German dumps were raided for gasoline.

Permits and identity passes, licenses and certificates of all kinds and for all purposes, were forged for the use of the underground workers—often under conditions of greatest danger. This field was profitable and fertile enough to attract racketeers and underworld characters of all sorts, and they all reaped a golden harvest. If you had the right "tuyaux," and were prepared to pay the price, you could obtain a forgery of practically any official paper known to exist.

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It is rating human nature too high to expect that only genuine resistance fighters were engaged in such operations. Similar conditions prevailed in the traffic of foreign currencies. Because British, American and Swiss currencies had such enhanced values in occupied Europe, it was practical for the

resistance movements to finance their operations by such means. But this meant encouraging and fostering the currency Black Market.

These were habits and standards of values adopted through four long years of struggle. Was it to be expected that they were be abandoned and forgotten, when the liberation finally came? And if it is felt that a faster return to normal should have taken place, in the months since liberation, it should be remembered that the process has very likely been retarded by reservations held by certain sections of the resistance movements against the Provisional Government. Too, the presence of American troops prepared to trade anything from PX rations to gasoline and quartermaster supplies, against cash, cognac or women, didn't help any—and this should modify any moralistic attitude we take toward the French.

On the other hand, there are critics of the Government who maintain that nothing has been done which can be construed as facing these problems and attempting to solve them; that the immediate issues have been by-passed, in the Government's efforts to prove to the world that France is once again a "great power." True enough, there is no doubt that, under DeGaulle's inspiration, the Government is trying by every conceivable method—some chauvinist, some one might describe as jingoistic—to revive the Frenchman's faith in France. Military parades, unveiling ceremonies, patriotic speeches and war exhibitions have been daily occurrences. And to be sure, viewed before a backdrop of a dislocated economy, war-shattered communications and administrative confusion, these manifestations do smack of the "Balkan mentality." Or as one of the leaders of the National Council of the Resistance put it: "They want to give us bread and circuses. Okay . . . but at least give us the bread!"

But these are problems to be faced, by *any* government that's to take power. Controversy and heated debate will rage over the Constitution, over the program of the National Council of Resistance, and over France's prestige in international affairs. But French voters are more immediately concerned with feeding and clothing their families, and where the coal is coming from next winter.

In the long run, the survival chances for democracy are more bound up in the price of groceries than they are in questions of constitutional phraseology. And we in this country can ensure such survival only by supporting and urging the most liberal economic assistance to France.

In the face of what looks to be a certain victory for the forces of the Left in the coming elections, American interest lies not in detachment or suspicion of such forces, but in cooperating with those progressive elements whose ideals of democracy and freedom coincide with our own.

Communications

CORRECTION

An understandable but abominable typographical error crept into Christopher Morley's "The Laws of War" last week. The first line of the second law appeared as "Another antimony" instead of "Another antinomy." Since type metal includes its share of antimony, the error is somewhat understandable; but since that element scarcely rhymes with enemy, the muse was traduced.—THE EDITORS.

THE SIN OF SEGREGATION

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editors: Congratulations and a thousand thanks to the Reverend George H. Dunne, S.J., for his splendid article, "The Sin of Segregation." I have been waiting a long time to see just such a plain-spoken article on this subject in a magazine like THE COMMONWEAL.

Many people apparently think that the only way to handle the problem of segregation is not to touch it at all, because, they argue, opposition does more harm than good. But, surely, every member of the Mystical Body of Christ is bound in conscience to oppose racism in all its forms, whether his efforts succeed or fail. And dare we say that seed sown now will not bear fruit in the future, or that merely preparing the ground for better racial relations is not a most important work?

Catholics are vocal enough against divorce, birth control, communism, and irreligious education. These are admittedly evils, but they are not the only evils. Let us have a Church militant against the evil of racism, and let the parish clergy lead the battle.

ALICE C. BAMBACH.

Bronx, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I know that you have always shown in your publication that you realize that there is only one race—the human race—and I also realize that you live in charity toward every individual belonging to the Creator's human race. However, I must congratulate THE COMMONWEAL for securing such a contribution, such a wealth of truth at this time when we need it most, as Reverend Father Dunne's "The Sin of Segregation" in the September 21 issue.

He has said *all* in a few uncontradictable words. He has exposed a crime and has given the criminals the chance to change their ways and rise out of their shame.

REGINA M. BRADY.

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editors: Your September 21 issue calls forth this short note. I might complain that in writing to your Educational Advisory Service *re* admittance of a Catholic colored child to a Catholic boarding school, preferably military, I was referred only to schools for colored in the South. This for a Michigan boy who, it is reported, could readily be admitted to Cranbrook (our

best Episcopalian school). Certainly it is time that a list should be available of schools that *will* admit all children, regardless of color. It is time to stand up and be counted.

I can't imagine a more worthwhile project than a listing of Catholic schools and religious orders and seminaries where a Negro applicant would find ready admission. There are many that are happy to accept all, but meanwhile Negro parents or postulants must shop from place to place meeting anything from polite incomprehension to blunt refusal.

There are all kinds of obstacles to this plan as any fool can plainly see. But the terrible scandal caused whenever a Negro child or postulant is put off or refused, needs to be counteracted by some such measure. Putting it on a voluntary basis—asking for those who would welcome colored students and postulants and seminarians—might instead give us a surprisingly gratifying list of truly Catholic schools and institutions, and encourage and stimulate growth of Catholic life among colored Catholics.

MARIE CONTI ORESTI.

MISSION SUNDAY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In order to comply with the wishes of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, we wish to remind your readers that October 21 will be observed throughout the world as Mission Sunday. This day, set aside by the Holy See to focus attention upon the mission apostolate, affords the faithful with an opportunity to take an active part in the magnificent work being done by our missionary bishops, priests, brothers and sisters in winning souls to Christ.

Contributions to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith on Mission Sunday will insure the future of the missionary Church, whether at home or in foreign fields. Regardless of the hardships which they must face, in spite of the devastation which has fallen upon so many of their stations, our missionaries are eager and willing to continue and expand their work, if they have your help. Prove your Catholicity by a generous response to the plea of Christ's Vicar for aid to his own pontifical mission aid organization, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

For further details concerning Mission Sunday observance consult the Director of that Society in your own diocese.

RIGHT REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL,
National Director, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Screen

The Tale's the Thing

THEN there are those movies that don't particularly advance the state of cinema, but still tell an absorbing story and give a full money's worth in entertainment. Such a film is "*Mildred Pierce*." Not that it is entirely without cinema values—Director Michael Curtiz has

allowed a moving camera to reveal much; and the performances throughout are outstanding examples of motion picture acting. But the film is exceedingly talky, much too long and much too concerned with a storybook plot. Ranauld MacDougall and Catherine Turney had no easy assignment in rewriting James M. Cain's sexy little novel. Perhaps the task was too difficult; but I wish they and Director Curtiz had been more logical and less repetitive, had used the camera more and words less. Jerry Wald has given the piece a good production, in a flashy way, and one worthy of Joan Crawford's long awaited return to the screen in her first Warners' film.

Miss Crawford, acting her age, gives a moving and thoroughly understanding performance as a suffering wife and mother. Her portrayal, even for those who disapprove of Mildred, will have women in tears and men wanting to shield her from further hurt. Mildred Pierce, no angel and not to be confused with Whistler's lace-capped old lady, deserves much of what she gets, but no one deserves the kicking around that life gives this courageous though frequently mistaken woman. She fails to hold her first husband (Bruce Bennett), a beaten man who should have stuck around for his two daughters' sake, if not for Mildred's. The Pierces' friend (expertly portrayed by Jack Carson as a predatory wolf) turns out to be a cad who uses everyone to his own advantage. Mildred's younger daughter (Jo Ann Marlowe) dies of pneumonia—ironically enough in the house of the woman (Lee Patrick) to whom Mr. Pierce ran for consolation when he left Mildred. The elder daughter (Ann Blyth) becomes the nastiest brat that ever broke a mother's heart; Mildred spoiled the girl from the beginning; in fact anyone but a blindly devoted mother could see that she was headed for ruin. Then after slaving to establish herself in the restaurant business, Mildred thinks she has at last found love; but even this guy (Zachary Scott), a once-wealthy loafer, proves to be a decadent gigolo; Mildred marries him hoping to set up some kind of attractive home atmosphere for her erring daughter, but soon discovers her second husband and the conscienceless girl carrying on an affair behind her back. The sordid story culminates in a murder; this episode is the starting point of the movie most of which is told in flashbacks as Mildred talks to Los Angeles's D.A. James Cain can be relied upon to fill his plots with unpleasant, immoral people. "*Mildred Pierce*" is no exception; like "*Double Indemnity*" it is so well acted and full of vivid incidents that it will attract audiences like sensational backfence gossip, and in this case the characters are so real (all except the daughter whose poorly conceived portrait is too solidly black and obvious) that one comes away wondering what all this misdirected mother-love and cynicism add up to. Mildred certainly has fortitude; what she and most Cain characters lack in their lives is meaning and dignity.

"*Week-End at the Waldorf*" is a sort of stenographer's dream about what a week-end at the Waldorf must be like. The New York hotel is real enough, but the film's foreword is too strictly true: "The events, characters and firms depicted in this photoplay are fictitious. Any

similarity to actual persons living or dead, or to actual firms, is purely coincidental." There is little similarity. Suggested by Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel," this screenplay by Sam and Bella Spewack gathers a conglomeration of people on Friday, shuffles them with the help of fate and standard plot devices on Saturday and Sunday, deals them out on Monday to go to their newly arranged ways. On this week-end's rich bill-of-fare are: a tired and famous war correspondent (Walter Pidgeon) who is mistaken by a tired and famous movie star (Ginger Rogers) for her maid's boy friend who is coming to rob the star's jewels; a very sick captain (Van Johnson) who is about to undergo a serious operation, but has no one to live for—until he meets the hotel's public stenographer (Lana Turner) who is also tired and confused and is planning to accept a Park Avenue-apartment proposition from a crooked financier (Edward Arnold). Further involving the affairs of all these involved people, who never get together at once but cross paths often, are the principals at a wedding (Phyllis Thaxter and Warner Anderson) and a couple of amusing journalists (Keenan Wynn and Robert Benchley). Needless to say melodrama, romance and intrigue run helter-skelter through this lush setting. And there's music too—realistic, because it's played by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra who portray themselves. In directing this film, Robert Z. Leonard must have worked overtime to keep his stars and many tags of plot straight. Fortunately the script-writers inserted some good bits of humor and clever digs at movies, but unfortunately there are not enough to liven the slow scenes of exposition and the purely fictional aspects of the story. You may spend a week-end at the Waldorf, but I doubt if you'll find this much glamor there or under any one roof, except in a Hollywood studio.

Perhaps it is movies like "Week-End at the Waldorf" that make stenographers, like the one in "Men in Her Diary" have the kind of pipe dreams that this girl has. Producer-Director Charles Barton, realizing he was telling a slight, satirical tale, indulges in some hilarious spoofing. The homely secretary (Peggy Ryan) selected for the publisher (Jon Hall) by his jealous wife (Louise Allbritton) has too much imagination. Anyway she's lonely. So into her diary go the wildest stories—all of which are based on truth, but are also somewhat exaggerated, and really sound awful when read in a divorce court. If this movie hadn't strained so hard for laughs, particularly with risqué wisecracks, it might have been a highly successful minor comedy.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Free State

ANNE FREEMANTLE

"IT WAS the obvious book to write—after doing so well by France, England and America. He pretty well *had* to turn to old Erin. But he'll need all his dry Scots humor to put across that humorless country." "I wonder, does he see Ireland as the link, the hyphen

between Great Britain and the United States, or as their lowest common multiple?" These remarks, overheard in a Pullman, sent me scurrying to read "The Free State."* And having expected something that might, perhaps, have been answer or amplification to Frank Pakenham's "Peace by Treaty," I confess I was disappointed. Not in Professor Brogan's wise and witty tract for the times—nothing more apposite has been written since Bolingbroke's "Patriotic King." But that he should not have given us something about that most brilliant and most absurd of all the compromises and anachronisms for which, as he shows us, democracy is famous, and in which it consists. Perhaps he will.

Admirers of "The American Character" and "The English People" need not be reminded that Professor Brogan writes the richest, most magnificent English. Burke and Gibbon, Adam Smith and Macaulay, G. M. Trevelyan and Lytton Strachey—to say nothing of the unknown authors of the Authorized Version and the (London) *Times* third leaders, and of course Winston Churchill, have gone to the making of his style. He furnishes forth this profound and economical explanation of what makes democracy tick with passages which deserve to become set pieces for recitation on school speechdays. To give but a snippet, which should whet even the most jaded appetite, here are a few lines from the last half-page of "Case for Politics," the second part of his Gallicly divided study. "The Athenian democracy also decayed. But even from the material point of view, Athens succeeded better than Sparta, and the memory of one is cherished for itself, while the other is mainly known by what its rival's sons have said of it. Athens, at least, did not sacrifice to mere existence the best reasons for existence, and so as a memory and a city it is still with us, while the site of Sparta is a village and Spartan life a faint memory. If we rejoice in the victory of Greece over Persia it is because the Athenians were Greeks, not because the Spartans were." "Goldie" (the late G. Lowes Dickinson) could hardly have improved upon that!

And though there are no chapters as memorable as Professor Brogan's famous character-studies of the English church and the English public school, this whole book reads like three chapters of the book Lord Acton never wrote, but it is so to be hoped that Professor Brogan will: a real history of the mechanics of freedom and of the free society, from the Indian *panchayat* to the Saxon *witenagemot* and the town meeting of New England. The three chapters currently presented us are "The Case for Freedom," "The Case for Politics" and "Liberty and Arms"—the last a brilliant analysis of why Prussia lost and we won. The whole is as passionate a defense of Christianity as Shaw's "Saint Joan," or Thornton Wilder's "Skin of Our Teeth." David against Goliath, Isaiah's mysterious, despised and rejected Man of Sorrows is not only Himself, but is Son of Man, of mother-naked man who is, somehow, always victor, for the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift. What we owe to Palestine and what to Greece is not new, and

* D. W. Brogan. Knopf. \$2.00.

Dr. Brogan cites only enough to make us feel his argument rests on its essential Hebrew and Hellenic premises.

What is most excellently up-to-date, and should convince our twice-beaten enemy—as and if, nothing else will—are his proofs that democracy pays, wins, outlasts and outlives the nastier totalitarian forms of life. It is because democracy is there to tell the tale that he commends it to the Germans, showing how our repeated victories are not accidental, but inevitable.

These arguments are so convincing that it is possible that Heinrich Hauser, who has written an entirely revolting snarl, "The German Talks Back" (Holt. \$2.50) may be converted. Perhaps Germany may now force her citizens to be free, in order to fight the Free States with their winning weapons. If so, not only bearing, but also receiving, gifts, should she be feared! The publication of Hauser's book in a victorious country and in the victor's language, is yet another example of that internal resilience or "give," that leaning-over-backwards in intellectual generosity, which Professor Brogan illustrated by such examples as Emily Hobhouse, E. D. Morel, and G. K. Chesterton. But it is also a pity that such books are published, for the Free State should protect itself against poison as against other enemy weapons. There are, God knows, arguments a-plenty for Germany: our shared guilt, our neglect of our duty to restrain our neighbor (which neglect in grave matters constitutes for the individual, mortal sin) our hypocrisy about colonies. But Hauser does not rely on these, and only those who are come of age in democratic living should be exposed to his misstatements, for, alas, as Voltaire remarked—long before Hitler, and more subtly—"Mentez, mentez toujours, il en restera toujours quelquechose." The pace of every army is the pace of its slowest, and it is not fair to the foot-soldiers-of-freedom to let them flop about in such filth.

More Books of the Week

Dilemma in Japan. Andrew Roth. Little. \$2.50.

THE flood of authorities and experts on the Far East grows, in spite of such excellent portrayals of the process of becoming an authority in the field of foreign relations and a builder of American public opinion as that of Alexander Sedgwick's "Tell Sparta."

From a different angle something of the same process mars Mr. Roth's new book. Little, Brown's director of publicity offers an impressive statement of the author's qualifications to be an authority. It appears therein that Mr. Roth received his first impulse to major in the history and problems of the Far East at the age of twelve years from his reading of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth." He went on through high school, through the College of the City of New York (where he graduated in 1939) to Columbia University for courses in Far Eastern history and economics, working also as Reader in the History Department at his college. He taught history at De Witt Clinton High School. He took "intensive" courses in Chinese. He "took" courses in Japanese and Russian in the same way. He became a Research Associate of the International Secretariat of

the Institute of Pacific Relations. Nowhere is it mentioned that he knows and understands any of the peoples with whom his studies have dealt, nor the human beings whose dangerously explosive problems he is offering to solve.

The sources of Chinese and Japanese history are recorded in the Chinese written language—a system of several tens of thousand pictures of ideas, not of words. It is not possible to get adequate knowledge of such source material covering many centuries from "intensive" summer school courses. That is a specialty which very few Americans possess. It takes many years of intensive and almost exclusive study in preparation before a man can begin to feel that he can proceed to build upon that foundation. What all this adds up to is that he has made a very good apprenticeship. It does not mean that he is as yet a mature and scholarly thinker. He has good instincts and feelings in this book, but he lacks as yet, and probably because of his youth, any experience of the human beings of the vast majority of the human race in whom he is primarily and properly interested.

In its essence the problem seems to him to be one of "translating our military victories over Japan into permanent peace, and pointing the way to democracy. . . ." That, surely, is what all reasonable people want to do, and it can be done. His dilemma has, however, not two horns, but four. Two of them consist in our own complete lack of knowledge and understanding of ourselves as well as of the Japanese, which is the root of our war. The other two consist in his conviction that the Japanese imperial system must be abolished by us together with what he calls "militarism" and what he calls the Zaibatsu (the relatively small group of individuals and families which control Japan's economy) as an alternative to revolutionary communism and anarchy. The danger of a "come-back" from defeat by fostering group economic control in the interest of stability exists as certainly as the danger of anarchy and anti-foreign rebellion. What he apparently refuses to consider is the nature of the imperial system. Of course it is tied in with economic control and the very antithesis of democratic evolution, but—as a liberal he should not refuse to consider historical facts. It is a fact that tens of millions of Japanese do believe in the essential sacredness of the Emperor and the imperial system. It is irrelevant that he does not so believe, and that many Americans do not believe it. Probably no American believes it. We are dealing with facts. It is a fact that *they* do. That is what we are dealing with. We are dealing with the hearts and souls of people. We are dealing with consciences, even though we believe that their consciences are wrong. Let us take two simple illustrations. Japanese economy is controlled by a small group in which the Emperor, as a man, is one of the most powerfully wealthy men in the world. Bearing in mind that a not much smaller group of men and families in the United States have controlled American economy and to some extent still control it, how would one go about exterminating by force the Japanese equivalent group? His answer is not quite satisfactory. His intentions are of the best but it is doubtful that he would make much headway unless by Hitler's methods or Stalin's—and even then. . . .!

Or, let us suppose that some "foreign" power, our own Federal Government for example, should decide to abolish the Papacy, the Pope, the Catholic Church (also a wealthy and powerful institution!) and destroy Vatican City.

Many people do not believe in the sacredness of that institution. Many other people, all over the world, do so believe. What would be the reaction to any such attempt in Europe? Or, in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago? Irishmen are notoriously sturdy fighting men. Catholic Irishmen are notoriously loyal to the Papacy. Americans of Irish descent have never demonstrated that they have become soft as fighting men. There are enough men of that breed in our Army, Navy and Marine Corps for us to conduct such an experiment if we should be so inclined. How does anybody suppose they would react . . . exactly as one would expect Japanese with analogous convictions to react, or not? Such an example is almost farcical but it may serve to stimulate thought about the seriousness of the Japanese problem in its relation to the whole of Asia and Russia. The fate of human beings can not be worked out in a college laboratory nor decided by observations made in a vacuum. "The burden of decision," says Mr. Roth, "falls upon us. . . ." It does not fall *wholly* upon us. It falls upon the Japanese as well as upon us. That is the dilemma. What the author could say more accurately (with a few more of his clearly vital and zealous years of personal knowledge of human beings) would be that "The burden of the *initiative* for right decision falls upon us. . . ." We can be wholeheartedly with him there, and with all true liberals, who have not withered, narrowed and shrunk to mere doctrinaire partisanship.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Dies Committee. August Raymond Ogden. Catholic University. \$3.00.

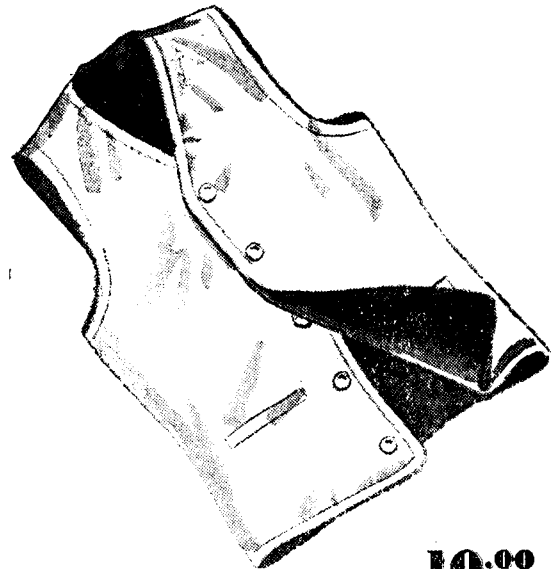
UN-AMERICANISM—like "obscurity"—is a standard which by its very nature cannot be established with any degree of accuracy or general agreement. The attempts to do so are marked by so many pitfalls and uncertainties, mainly for lack of proper definition, that in the end result only confusion, bitterness and an increased sense of frustration at the elusiveness of the subject. This is the conclusion implicit from even a careful reading of Dr. (Brother) August Raymond Ogden's study of the Dies Committee.

Any history of this investigating committee leaves one with the same sense of bewilderment as the stranger in town who, asking a local bumpkin why he was running to join a fracas down the block, was told he didn't know, but it looked like good fun. Few persons have actually read all the committee reports. Practically all people know about it have been the anguished cries of those attacked and chairman Martin Dies's carefully timed (with a view to giving morning and evening papers equal "breaks") releases of highly controversial and sensational matter. Therefore, a disinterested layman finding Dr. Ogden's book will be left somewhat baffled as to what the whole thing was about.

It is doubtful whether the material exposed by Dies will outlive the reputation made by him and his committee. And this is not to say that all that was done was bad. Dr. Ogden, for example, is careful to state that while most of the procedure was improper, some of it was certainly no worse than that employed by other investigating bodies.

Starting on a reportedly impartial, non-partisan basis, the committee rather rapidly degenerated into a witch-hunting organization. In the six years of its existence from 1938 to 1944, practically no legislation resulted from

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its work. Even the Smith Sedition Bill was enacted mainly as a result of the fall of France. How many broken careers, heart-aches, and distress were caused by the reckless manner in which Dies permitted the committee to operate is a matter of conjecture. Nevertheless, there was some slight residue of material exposed to the glare of publicity which would have undoubtedly otherwise remained concealed. Whether the good outweighs the bad depends largely upon personal political convictions. Certainly however, this can be said; the fears of liberals—believers in civil liberties—that the committee constituted an attack on freedom of speech and press have proved groundless. Liberty has rarely been on sounder ground in this country than today. The great expectations of supporters of the committee—mainly those constantly in fear of communism, fascism, and nazism—have been in vain. The committee merely became a vehicle on which Dies rode to attack those with whom he disagreed or who were personally objectionable to him.

From a purely functional point of view, the six hundred thousand or so dollars appropriated over the period of about six years was a small price to pay to enable scores of psychopaths, neurotics and "crackpots" to have their say in public. For these people the committee was a safety valve, the importance and value of which cannot be properly evaluated. Anything else achieved by it can be marked down as sheer unearned income.

Dr. Ogden, I think, expresses a fair enough estimate of the committee's value when he states: "The committee was neither an ideal nor a desired means of exposing subversive activities. It did not wholly fail in its endeavors but with different methods and better procedure, it could have performed far more efficient service; hence without disparaging the accomplishments of the committee or impugning the motives of any person connected with it, it must be admitted that the history of the committee reveals it to have failed in its essential purpose."

Dr. Ogden's study is really a factual report of the day-by-day activity of the committee. It is comprehensive and instructive. The history speaks for itself and the author has wisely refrained from persistent editorializing. It must be admitted, however, that by so doing, much of the real drama of the spectacle, the heat and passion engendered by the committee, is lost. The book, therefore, becomes a good companion to Professor William Gellermann's "Martin Dies," a definitely partisan study.

Although undoubtedly much time and effort has been expended on the study, it is unfortunately poor in quality of writing. References are made to persons, statements or events not previously mentioned or discussed. Some passages are badly written and worst of all the book is replete with typographical errors and misspelling of proper names. Too often the reader will also find footnotes having no relation to the text.

CLIFFORD FORSTER.

The Black Rose. Thomas R. Costain. Doubleday. \$3.00.

THE Literary Guild has bestowed its accolade upon "The Black Rose," and its author, Thomas S. Costain, deserves another one for the research which went into its writing. Perhaps the relish which Mr. Costain obviously derived from his labors will serve as his reward.

Thirteenth century England and the same period in China, plus an interval spent on the medieval silk routes overland into China, are the great pictures in this book.

As they are a new milieu for historical romances, they are in themselves absorbing, but against them the characters move rather pallidly. Mr. Costain's aforementioned relish prevented him from giving us much more than a hazy picture of Walter, Tristram, Engaine and Maryam, for whose ilk the reader of numerous historical romances may have by now only a hazy interest, anyway. A neat job is done on medieval Oxford, Edward I, castle life in England, travel in a trans-Asiatic caravan, and China with the Mongols sweeping down on the Sung Kingdom to unify the nation. The "dreaming spirit" of the University and the Arthur Rackham-Maxfield Parrish vision of a castle perish in the reader's mind before a far more vivid and enjoyable white light of truth with details pleasant and unpleasant. Thirteenth century vocabulary abounds magnificently but enigmatically. The jacket blurb states that Mr. Costain looked into over 500 books, as well as documents and diaries; and that he employed a Chinese scholar and a research worker who could read medieval Latin and French.

The plot sprawls loosely against the vivid panorama. Walter, a student at Oxford, finds himself the recipient of a small fortune which he decides to increase by a journey to fabulous Cathay, under whose spell he has fallen during a lecture by Friar Roger Bacon. In the company of Tristram, a fellow student and fellow townsman, he sets forth for a land which few have seen, having first sworn eternal fealty to Engaine, and having fallen afoul of Oxford rules and the current English political situation—yeoman versus baron, Saxon versus Norman. The road to Cathay goes through Antioch, Persia, eastward along the Himalayas into China, and down across the plain until finally Hangchow is reached. Tea, spices (clove is the Black Rose) silks, jewels, paper, cannon, compasses—all come Walter's way, as well as Maryam, a Greek-English girl and member of a harem being sent to Kublai Khan. The route is that of Marco Polo; and the exotic excitements are those of the lines "In Xanadu did Kublai Khan. . . ." The arrival of the English pair in Hangchow coincides with the fall of the Sung Empire and the unification of China under one-man rule—that of Kublai Khan: scenes strangely prophetic of latter-day developments.

Cathay reached, fortunes made, Walter and Tristram return to England accompanied as ever with high adventures. A new modern England is emerging—another prophetic touch—as they return, for the power of the barons has been broken and the Norman-Saxon bitterness is disappearing under the wise kingship of Edward I. Engaine has wed another, but with the arrival of Maryam, now mistily identified as the Black Rose, all ends happily. Mr. Costain has written a tale that hums along until the last sentence.

K. SHATTUCK MARVIN.

The Price of Peace. Sir William Beveridge. Norton \$2.00.

THIS THIN, but closely-reasoned little volume will probably neither add to nor detract from the established reputation of Sir William Beveridge. It adds nothing substantially new to our understanding of the problem of international peace, but what it does say was well worth saying and is said concisely and with genuine feeling and sincerity. It completes (in inverse order) a trilogy of books on "the objectives of postwar effort—peace, a job when one can work, an income when one cannot work. . . ." But if, as Beveridge suggests, the

first of these—the subject of the present book—is the most important, he himself will be remembered only for his brilliant treatises on the other two.

The "price of peace" is "acceptance and enforcement of impartial arbitration in all disputes between nations." The price is less than some would imagine: it's less than world federation. But it's higher than others have gauged it to be—higher, that is, than the cost of a League of Nations or the cost of regionalism. I await with interest the reaction of Messrs. Adler and Lippmann, respectively.

The reviewer was not quite prepared for Beveridge's deemphasizing of economic factors, both as a cause of total war and as an element in the establishment of the peace. "The importance of economic conditions in relation to war," he says, "is real but is indirect rather than direct." Perhaps. But I wonder if Sir William isn't putting too much trust in the efficacy of political instruments when he concludes, very logically, that international economic organizations "should be [merely] consultative, depending upon the free assent of the separate states and making, therefore, no inroad on sovereignty." In any event, it's rather amusing, if not ironical, that the bogeyman of so many American conservatives should now disarm them by talking perilously like a progressive Republican.

Unfortunately "The Price of Peace" was written before the San Francisco Conference. But one has the feeling that Beveridge would have voted with those who labored there to make the Charter more democratic, for we find him suggesting, among other amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, "(a) that all disputes and

not merely 'justiciable' disputes will be referred to an impartial tribunal; (b) that the Great Powers in the Security Council will accept arbitration in their own case, being content to be policemen without being judges also and without being above the law. . . ."

Some will say that Sir William is naïve when, in his rather pugnacious defence of Russia, he blandly asserts that "the Soviet Union . . . acknowledges the right of secession of any of its members and disclaims colonial ambitions." Others will add that he's prejudiced when he concurs with Professor Wolf's unqualified indictment of the militarism of Catholic Bavaria. "Pagan Prussia is bad enough," say Wolf, "but Catholic Bavaria is even worse. . . ." And Beveridge says amen. I wonder what historians will say when Wolf and Beveridge are dead.

But if these are flaws, they are minor ones in a treatise on international peace, which will be superfluous for experts and scholars but useful enough for the rest of us.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The Perfect Round. Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt. \$2.50.

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arcs of his life to order and to grace. He seeks peace after the battle-fatigue of war in rural New York. The author catches up the loveliness of June in the Hudson River valley and of O'Reilly's idyllic life with Livy in chapters of heady pastoral poetry. But this is no book for the squeamish. In the background is the foulness of Catswyck County symbolizing all evil, but especially the moral evil in our post-war world.

Wake's deep problems branch out in various fears, his fear of dogs being adroitly equated with the symbolism in "The Hound of Heaven." But his major difficulty arises from his horror of the spirit of negation and of fear which he has identified with his own father and with the Catholic Church. In solving O'Reilly's problems Mr. Robinson has written the Catholic novel for which literate Catholics have long been praying. It is the glory of the book that it is also a catholic novel.

It is, moreover, a perfect round of accomplishment. In spite of its weight of substance, it is expert entertainment. The strands of interest are braided together with the hand of the seasoned craftsman. There are no loose ends. The characters live, breathe and are good to know. The style is a feast of precision, freshness, and urbanity. Here are no broken arcs. The circle spins with singing power.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B.

Three O'Clock Dinner. Josephine Pinckney. Viking. \$2.50.

TIME WAS when a novel of good literary lineage meant making some pleasant new acquaintances. One of Saroyan's eccentricities is that he can still find pleasant people to write about, but it seems to be the accepted code of most American novelists to prove that life is a messy business. Miss Josephine Pinckney, who looks so debonair upon the cover, holds inexorably to this tradition. Native to Charleston, as is proper for a Pinckney, the background to her story might as well be laid in any smaller city with a backlog of old families. Perhaps she thinks externals unimportant in a study of personalities or else she takes familiar sights too much for granted. As for the characters, one gets the curious impression that Miss Pinckney dislikes all of them; which may account for the lack of sympathy built up between them and the reader.

Charleston gardens are in full flower when the story opens, but we view them from the dark recesses of the morbid mind of Judith Redcliff, a childless young widow who feeds on the memory of her husband's devotion to her not too attractive person. "Judith felt for the Redcliffs that mixture of affection and irritation, loyalty and identification of interest, that makes up the family tie." Next door to the Redcliff mansion live the Hessenwinkles whose blowzy daughter, Lorena, exerts a strongly sexual spell over the males of the more refined neighbors. The contrast between the two families, however, is considerably weakened by the fact that although we are told repeatedly that the Redcliffs are proud of their breeding, they never do or say anything to prove it. When Lorena succeeds in enmeshing the socially conscious Tat Redcliff in sudden marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Redcliff unwillingly invite the Hessenwinkles for the first time to the house for a three o'clock dinner.

Mr. Hessenwinkle is a Lutheran and has much stricter ideas about morality than Mrs. Hessenwinkle and her daughters, who are only Catholics, but although Mrs. Hessenwinkle is tolerant or long suffering about adultery and fornication with her girls, she does draw the line

at abortion—"there are some things so against the Church that you couldn't get off with prayer and penances"—so she abets Lorena in keeping the guilty secret of her having had a child by Judith's husband. This unsavory scandal is unexpectedly aired at the three o'clock dinner where Mr. Redcliff, Sr., plies Lorena with claret and she and her mother start an uncomfortable argument over the suitability of the Redcliff mansion for "roomers." It's the first time to my knowledge that any woman's ruin was accomplished with a glass of claret, but Lorena immediately proceeds to give away her very questionable intimacy with the geography of the bedroom floor until it becomes clear to the bridegroom that his late brother must have had the atrociously bad taste to bring Lorena to his parents' house when they were away. Here the psychology, which is so much stressed, seems to go badly astray. If Lorena had been anxious enough to marry to risk marrying the uncle of her illegitimate son, why should she throw her social security away for the sake of a cheap triumph over Judith after dinner when, instead of trying to win back Tat, she begins to boast of her sins? The outcome of it all is that Lorena takes herself off to Detroit—"damn decent," says Mr. Redcliff—and Judith decides to adopt the baby. Miss Pinckney is punctilious to void this last scene of sentiment. This is Judith's idea of baby-talk: "Shut up, you little fiend! I don't like you any more than you like me." But she adds, "I've got to learn, you've got to learn—we've just got to learn to get along together."

Miss Pinckney was one of the founders of the Poetry Society of North Carolina.
E. V. R. WYATT.

Oil and Deep Water. Kaj Klitgaard. North Carolina. \$2.50.

BOOKS of reminiscence about the war—personal stories of what some private or officer or correspondent saw and did in some theater or other—are pretty tedious stuff. For one thing, there have been too many of them; for another thing, most of them are ghost-written, always excepting those produced by professionals. The result is a certain tedium at the mere mention of books in this category. Mr. Klitgaard has presented us with a real exception to the rule. His "Oil and Deep Water" is no masterpiece, but it is a genuine and moving account of what one old hand in the Merchant Marine went through when he returned to his former calling in order to play the only part open to him in the world conflict.

What Mr. Klitgaard principally gripes about is the "new tradition" on shipboard. He gripes because the new tradition has neither feeling for nor awareness of craftsmanship. And clearly Mr. Klitgaard was brought up in a school which viewed the handling of ships and of men on ships as a craft, as something always to be done with *élan* and flourish, and not something where you get an hour's overtime for doing the Mate a favor. Of course there is much to be said for the overtime system; the principal failing of the old tradition lay in the rewards the men got out of it. But the spirit of overtime can lead to indifference and carelessness and cost the men their lives. The best idea would seem to be a combination of the two.

Mr. Klitgaard's book amounts to his impressions of a single round trip passage to North Africa in the days when the submarine was far from licked. I can recommend it as an honest and interesting job.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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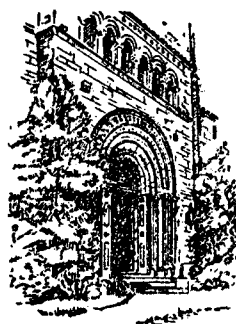
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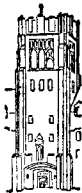
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The Inner Forum

THE Catechetical Guild of St. Paul plans to build up a Catholic Film Library under the direction of Reverend Louis A. Gales for the use of schools and parishes in the United States. One of its first objectives is to persuade Catholic students in this country of their solidarity with the boys and girls in the other Americas—many of them their co-religionists. The necessity for developing such understanding is heightened these days by the barrier of racial prejudice. It is with these things in mind that Fanchon Royer is at present in Mexico preparing for the Guild her first four kodachrome short features portraying Mexican and Guatemalan communities where a Catholic tradition is a foundation for the local institutions and the people's manner of life.

The subjects of these first four "shorts" lived in New Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: Pedro de Gante, Bartolomé de Las Casas, Don Vasco de Quiroga and Hermano Pedro de Betancourt of Antigua, Guatemala. The career of each of these bold figures suggests a constructive solution to a modern social problem. Pedro de Gante, for instance, believed that education held the answer to every situation. He loved the Indians and sought to find a solution to their problems merely by establishing schools. De Las Casas, on the other hand, is renowned to this day for his opposition to the evils of the slavery to which so many of the American Indians were subjected by the Spaniards. He was a fiery agitator and a prolific writer who even found in Spain a response to his diatribes against colonial injustice.

Don Vasco de Quiroga was the greatest friend of the Indian of all. He tried to set up Indian republics in which the natives of the Tarascan nation were to participate fully in every aspect of civil life. He was an educator, a lawmaker, an economist and a sort of glorified social worker. He was made a bishop in his sixties. Hermano Pedro stands as a symbol of physical and spiritual health. He was known as a great confessor and has been beatified by the Church.

Fanchon Royer has for twenty years been engaged in film production and distribution. In recent years she has been working primarily on shorter films of a documentary type with Mexico and Central America as a background. She has for some time been particularly interested in building up better relations between the peoples of the Americas.

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